

Friday, - - - October 19, 1900.

Sunny Hill.

School is progressing fine under the management of Miss Augusta Worland.

J. B. Greunau sold a bunch of good hogs Tuesday.

Mrs. W. P. Shaw is on the sick list.

John McCombs and Will Arbaugh with their families left here, overland last Monday, for West Virginia, where they will make their future home.

L. J. Flood attended the Mexico Street Fair Thursday.

Born to John Powell and wife, on Sept. 27th, a son.

M. H. Shaw attended the big St. Louis fair Thursday.

The Sunny Hill Literary and Debating Society was organized last Saturday night. The following officers were chosen: President Frank Staudhardt, Vice President Clay Baker and Sergeant at Arms Merrill Shaw.

Minneola.

Dr. McCall, of Big Spring, was in our town Monday.

Miss Martha Blades returned Monday from Mexico where she has been visiting Miss Altha Whaley.

Tom Martin, of Williamsburg was on our streets Saturday.

Misses Scanland and Blades were shopping in Montgomery City Monday, and while there attended the speaking.

Mrs. Homer Finley, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tate, returned to her home in Wellsville Monday.

Fenton Gregory who has been sick for a year or more we are sorry to learn that he is gradually growing worse.

Miss Kittie Cowherd is convalescent.

Crane & Harrison sent several wagons to Wellsville Thursday for coal. They propose to keep warm this winter.

John Gill, wife and mother-in-law visited relatives on Prairie Fork last week.

Mrs. Will See has moved into the Coen residence with her sister.

During Mr. See's absence Charles Burton, of Danville, had charge of the Mail route from this place to Montgomery City.

Hon. Cyrus P. Walbridge Ex-Mayor of St. Louis delivered an interesting address to a crowded house in Montgomery City Monday afternoon Oct. 15 to which the republicans of this county were in good attendance.

Will Crane and Ben Blades attended the Street Fair at Mexico last week.

Fleety Palmer has been visiting his brother Sam the past week.

Rush Crane and family visited in the "Kingdom" of Callaway Sunday.

Peytonia Items.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson W. Mitchell on the night of the 11th a fine boy.

Rev. Rufus Hunley, who is teaching school near Americus visited home-folks recently.

Mrs. C. W. Goodman was the guest of Mrs. J. W. Mitchell Tuesday.

Roy Willis transacted business at Peytonia recently.

Mrs. James Gibson has been with her daughter Mrs. Mitchell for the past week.

J. W. Gibson and Rob See went to Mokane on business recently.

Several parties drove fat cattle from Callaway to Montgomery the latter part of last week.

J. W. Mitchell gathered corn this week.

Isaac Keele is conducting his shooting gallery at Mexico this week, and may remain there during next week.

We are having beautiful weather and fine roads and hope they will continue for some time.

TRUTH.

No other pills can equal De Witt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency. City Drug Store.

Jonesburg Items.

Jacob Lew, who lives six miles north of town died Tuesday morning. Hon. Edward Rozier, of St. Louis, made a very interesting speech here Thursday evening Oct. 11th.

Pat Dyer left Tuesday for I. T. where he will attend the funeral of his brother.

H. C. Begeman and Wm Hall went to Montgomery City Monday to hear Hon. Cyrus Walbridge speak.

Evert Aydelott, of near Truxton, passed through our town Wednesday on his way to St. Charles.

H. C. Begeman has hired another clerk, Bruce Edwards. Business is rushing.

Wellsville Items.

Miss Edna Hinds, who has been visiting relatives in Alex, Mo. this summer was home a few days last week.

Mrs. L. L. Kirk gave an oyster supper last Thursday night which was well attended.

Mrs. Chas. Spitzhurn and Miss Lucy Paxton attended the Street Fair at Mexico.

Mrs. M. V. Sharp and little daughter Josephine, of Montgomery, were the guests of Major R. Sharp and family last week.

Mrs. Elton, an old and respected resident of this city, died at her home Oct. 11, 1900. Her remains were taken to St. Louis for burial.

Hon. J. K. Rozier, of St. Louis, spoke in Wellsville the eleventh of October. Mr. Rozier is an able speaker and he was appreciated by a large audience.

Messrs Muns, Paul, Major Brooks and Lafferty, of Montgomery City, attended the speaking here last Thursday night, also Chas. Stewart and Thomas Davis, of New Florence.

A good many from here attended the Mexico Street Fair last week, among those who went were:

Messdames W. E. and A. J. Blattner, C. W. White, H. H. Brown, Cole Wise, Grand Barker and the Misses O'Donnell.

Messrs Nona Hepler and Elsie Aydelott, were in Wellsville last Saturday and Sunday.

A good many from here attended the Republican Rally near Barneyville Saturday. Ben Dalzell, of St. Louis, Messrs West, Barnes and Boyd, of Mexico, and L. L. Kirk and R. H. Mansfield, of Wellsville addressed the people.

Ben Dalzell, of St. Louis, addressed the people of Wellsville at Kuhn's hall Saturday night on his way home from Barneyville.

Claude Taylor, of Martinsburg was here Saturday.

Misses Pearl Spitzhurn and Zella Elchor chaperoned a jolly party of little folks nutting Saturday. They reported a delightful time.

J. L. McQuis was up from Montgomery Sunday to see his best.

Harry Kuhn, of Martinsburg was down Sunday.

The best method of cleansing the liver is the use of the famous little pills known as De Witt's Little Early Risers. Easy to take. Never gripe. City Drug Store.

New Florence.

Miss Lydia Willis who has been ill of typhoid fever is convalescent.

Mrs. Charley Blackburn and family of near Morsey, were visiting relatives here over Sunday.

New Florence closed up her only saloon last week, public sentiment being against it. Long may such benign and temperate influences dominate our little village.

Miss Susie Pemberton accompanied by her brother, Lee, attended the Mexico Street Fair and remained several days the guests of their cousins Misses Leola and Floyd Blattner.

Harmon Windsor and wife will make their future home in Fulton. They left for that place the first of the week after a visit with relatives here and at Wright City. We trust that their change of residence may be both pleasant and profitable.

Mrs. T. H. McClure and daughter, Mrs. Tom Owen, Fred Hume and wife also Bruce DeValt and others attended the Mexico Fair, Thursday returned at night.

Rev. A. S. Neel is over at Reform this week assisting in a meeting.

Prof. Claude Rice has been absent from the school room on account of sickness this week but is recovering. C. E. Stewart was down at Americus shaking hands with the voters there about Monday.

James Rodgers and wife attended preaching at the C. P. Church Sunday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Rodgers' brother, Joe Hill, who was a regular attendant in his boyhood days spent near New Florence.

Mrs. Rouse and daughter, Miss Bessie, departed Sunday for their home in Arkansas.

A number of young people drove out Tuesday night and spent the evening with Miss Carrie Smith who left last Wednesday for Indiana to spend the winter. Mrs. Sam See assisted Mrs. Bert See in entertaining and every one present enjoyed the occasion.

Little Gerlie McConnell is very sick of typhoid fever. Attacks of fever are getting quite numerous in this vicinity.

N. G. Cornelius is sawing wood for our citizens who seem to enjoy the whine and buzz of his steam saw.

"PUELLA."

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THIS IS REPUBLICAN YEAR AND YOU SHOULD READ THE TRIBUNE.

We are working hard for Success and you can Aid US.

A PAIR OF PLOTTERS

"For the best of all the miracles the summertime can work us."

Is the canvas-tented, sawdust-acented, much-frequented circus!

"A circus! Comin' to town!" Old Martha Stebbins, pressing out her youngest grandchild's Sunday gown, paused with iron suspended. "For the land's sake, Billie! Do tell! Are you sure?"

Billie was thrilled by the interest which his news had awakened. Therefore, he looked as imperturbable as possible. He hoisted himself up on the table, and sat there picking sandbars off his sleeves, and swinging his bare legs.

"Gimme a cookie, an' I'll tell you all about it."

There was no compromising with Billie. He was a young man of his word. Of this his grandmother was aware. She looked at him hard a moment. Then she set the iron down, and went into the pantry. She came back with two cookies.

"There!" she said; "now go on!"

"After I'd been to mill I went up-town. There was two men puttin' pictures on the blank wall near the livery stable. They'd got 'em up already by the lumber yard. Another feller was goin' into the shops, and gettin' signs put in the windows. And, I say, grandma, you just want to see them pictures. They're—they're jimmie-gee."

Grandma ironed on, but less energetically than before the return of Billie. "Go on an' tell me about them pictures," she urged. "I used to like awful well to go to circuses when I was young. Seems like I went to every one that come to our town. One ain't been near this place since I come here to live with your ma. That was when Emily Louise was born—fifteen years ago."

Billie went on to tell her of the glories of the posters. He gallantly gave ladies the preference in his description. He first told her about the bare-armed female, standing in the Roman chariot, driving the plumed steeds; about the little girl, standing on a white Shetland pony; about the radiant damsel in the abbreviated skirt, who made flying leaps through paper hoops; about the muscular sisters who swung from trapezes. Then the men came in for their share of admiring remarks. He was half-way from the ringmaster to the clown, and grandma was listening with breathless delight, when a step was heard in the hall. Grandma guiltily picked up her cold

head. "Me—I'm that old! And besides—gracious, if I ain't gone and scorch'd that shirt! I hope your ma won't notice it, but I got that fustled-to think of such a thing!"

Billie looked puzzled. "Well, some-how," he persisted, stubbornly. "I do think so, grandma. And," he added boldly, "I don't see why you shouldn't, either. If you got a mind to—there!"

"Why, Billie!" she cried, weakly, but there was a yielding tremor in her voice. She put down the iron, glancing furtively at the door as she did so. She went over to the table, and stood next the audacious young fellow.

"Your ma would never hear to such a thing. Besides, we ain't got the money."

"O, we couldn't get a cent from her!" Involuntarily he lowered his voice, as was his habit when a fishing-trip was projected, and the question of secretly securing provender therefor, confidently discussed. I can work enough to pay for myself sure. You've got that 15 cents Ma's Murray give you for makin' her check-row sunbunnit. I can sell Tom Case my pyron-house. He'll let me have a dime for it. The only trouble is the gettin' there. It's a good four-mile to town. Ma wouldn't hear to us takin' the horse out after sundown, and you never could—"

"I could—O, I could, Billie!" she broke in excitedly. Her wrinkled old face was radiant—her knotty old hands were trembling. "Two-oul't be any harder than bein' on my feet from 6 in the mornin' till after supper like I am. I could walk every step of it, but—" the enthusiasm began to fade out of her face. She drew a long sigh—a sigh of bitter renunciation. "Be-linda—"

"Gramma!" He leaned forward, whispering as he did when he was asking her to leave the back buttery window open when he was to be out after hours. "Ma don't need to know—a single-thing about it!"

He unlimbered himself from the table. "I'll manage it!" he avowed confidently.

The week that followed was one of the most intense, the most absorbing anticipation Martha Stebbins had known in many a year. She went about the drudgery of her daily tasks on winged feet. She laughed at the jokes of the hi d man. She brushed and cleaned Billie's best clothes until they did not look within a year of their age. She put a new band on his hat. She fixed over her own ancient black bonnet during the temporary absence of her daughter. She smiled to herself when she was alone. Once, indeed, they even heard her singing.

"That don't sound like a hymn (sings), mother!" remarked Mrs. Malone, indignantly.

"It's 'The Bunch and Bunch of Bunches'!" sang the old lady, softly. O, the myriad fluttering moments and apprehensive instants which led up to that night! The temerity of undertaking a slight so unwonted, the danger of discovery, of recapture—these but enhanced the ecstasy of it all!

They made their escape while the youngest son of the house of Malons was being put to bed upstairs. Down through the dusk, between the rows of straggling gooseberry bushes that caught at her gown, out into the path around the wheat field skirting the corn, grandma skurried like a little gray rabbit. And there, on the high road was Billie waiting for her—Billie, kindly, encouraging, swelling with the importance of the adventure. How he did strive to restrain her impetuosity. How he did explain that they had lots of time, that the seats were already secured, that she would be tired out before she got there. But neither speech nor movement was to be regarded in the exhilaration of that delicious experience. How sweet the green things smelled with the dew on them!

Ah, never would the memory of that night fade—that "witching, wonderful night!" The entrance into the lively town, the sight of the famed canvas tent, the hubbub of pleasure-seekers, the light of shops, the smell of the sawdust, the glimpse of tired faces, the torches, the music—best of all, O, incomparably best of all—the circus itself! Never did so stately a ringmaster stride into the arena. Never did so witty a clown break his bones on collapsible barrels, and set the benches in a roar! No such agile acrobats ever balanced ladders and dangled from trapezes. No such lovely ladies ever poised and pirouetted on bareback horses. No such stately Amazon ever lashed her steeds to victory. And all the rest merged for Billie into one exquisite glow that was almost pain—pain and rapture—when he beheld:

Upon a milk-white pony, Fit for a fairy queen, The loveliest little damsel His eyes had ever seen!

It was over. They had enjoyed it all. They had seen the animals—every one. They had eaten popcorn, and drank lemonade, and munch'd peanuts. And now they were plodding back to the farm along the road that stretched ahead like a ribbon of amber velvet. Neither spoke. Their hearts were too full—full with memories, his with imaginations. They were as Daudet represents Parisians after the Salon: "Satisfied, but not weary, still thrilled by that air charged with artistic electricity." They made no mention of the morrow. Not even reproach then could wrest this experience from them.

"Are you tired, grandma? Rest on me—lean hard."

"O, I ain't tired, Billie! I couldn't be tired tonight. I've had a beautiful time!"

The night was magical. The sleeping world was sweet. The hour was the full-blown rose of—

The peace of out-lived bliss!

—Chicago Tribune



Iron and pattered across the kitchen to the stove for a hot one.

"Mother! You got that ironin' most done?"

The voice suited the face, a hard, intolerant face, with dull eyes and converging lines around the mouth.

"Mostly, Belinda!" cried back the old lady with nervous cheerfulness. "Ain't morn'n half a dozen more pieces. Billie here's got back from mill."

She moistened the tips of her fingers with her tongue, and spat away on the iron to test its temperature.

"I can see that," tartly. "Billie, your father got off with that stock? That's good. Now, I don't want you settin' round like this when there's his chores to be done well's your own. You hear?"

"Yes'm."

There was a brief silence when she had gone. Martha Stebbins seemed to see through a mist the garments she was ironing. Suddenly the kitchen seemed smaller and hotter than it had five minutes ago. All at once, too, the lovely ladies, and dashing men, and wonderful animals of the circus seemed more distant, inapproachable.

"Are—you thinkin' you'll be let go, Billie?"

"Dunno." He lifted his foot and looked pensively at the stonebruse on the toes. "Will if I can. I'll see if I can't get a job carryin' water for the elephant. Lot's of boys get in that way."

"The elephant!" She looked across at him with brightening eyes. "Have they got real elephant along? I ain't seen elephant I don't know when."

Something wistful in her tone struck Billie. He was not a particularly bright boy, but he was affectionate in a dumb and clumsy way. He had never known the joy of self-expression, but he and grandma had had some secrets of their own. These secrets, involving as they frequently did her confidence and her silence, were necessary to his humanity and protection. Now he wished—he hardly knew what he wished.

"Say, grandma, I kinder think you'd like to go to the circus yourself!"

"Me!" she shrieked. "O, dear, no! Whatever put such an idea in your

Gamma.

Norman Moore, son of J. M. Moore, died Sunday Oct. 14th, of lung trouble. The remains were laid to rest at Macedonia Monday afternoon.

He was a young man just entering manhood and he will be greatly missed.

John Hagood was in Gamma Monday.

Ed Tinsley was here last week.

Quite a crowd from here attended Mr. Sallor's sale Saturday. Stock brought good prices.

Dr. Clare and family are moving to St. Louis this week.

H. D. Roley and wife have returned from a trip to Iowa and Nebraska.

Born to W. C. Goshorn and wife a girl.

Mrs. O. E. Goshorn continues in poor health.

Mrs. Dimmick was visiting in the neighborhood last week.

Mrs. Amanda Clare of Middletown has been visiting Dr. Clare's family this week.

Knox District.

Miss Cora Moorehead returned to her home in Montgomery, Saturday, after a weeks visit to Mrs. Cunningham.

Phil Johnson has moved to the place formerly owned by Wm. Rice.

M. F. Messinger, Supt. of County Farm, left Monday for an extended visit in Virginia.

Miss Jessie Noel who has been visiting Mrs. Knox returned home Saturday.

Mrs. C. A. Mitchell of Montgomery spent a few days with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon.

Misses Mable and Maud Pate visited in Danville Sunday.

Miss Francis Sallor accompanied Miss Blanche Baskett to her school Monday morning.

Mr. Adams and wife will soon leave for California. We regret to lose such kind, aged people. Morg White and wife and Mrs. Hanson will live on their place.

Mrs. Miles Johnson is reported ill at this writing.

Mrs. Moore who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Taylor Pate returned to Trinidad, Colo., Saturday.

Robert Brower and M. F. Messinger were in Montgomery Friday buying some fixtures for our school.

Torturing skin eruptions, burns and sores are soothed at once and promptly healed by applying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Beware of worthless counterfeits. City Drug Store.

Market Report.

Corrected by ALGERMISSEN & SCHAFFER.

Wheat No. 2, per bushel	65c
Corn " " "	35c
Oats " " "	15c
Rye " " "	60c
Beans " " "	75c
Ships " " "	85c
Chicken feed	60c

FLOUR PER SACK.

Snowdrop per 100 lbs.	\$2.15
Phoenix Patent	2.05
Extra Fancy	1.85
Royal	1.65
Rye	2.10
Graham	2.00
Meal per bu.	60c

PRODUCE.

Eggs per doz	13 1-2c
Chickens, hens	3 1-2c
" " springs	3 1-2c
Ducks springs	3 1-2c
Young Turkeys	6c
Geese, springs	3c